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The Art of Life Series

*Latter Day Sinners and Saints*

*By* Edward Alsworth Ross

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J. E. Coover

Stanford University





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## **The Art of Life Series**



*Latter Day Sinners and Saints*





THE ART OF LIFE SERIES  
*Edward Howard Griggs, Editor*

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# Latter Day Sinners and Saints

BY

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# *Latter Day Sinners and Saints*

## CHAPTER I

### LATTER DAY SINNERS

ARE we growing better or growing worse? Are we headed toward the light, or toward the shadow?

On the one hand, using the ancient test relations as a dial face, the onward movement in humanity, sympathy and charity is most cheering. In the treatment of children, of women, of the aged, of dependents, of convicts, of aliens, of underlings, of the weaker race or class by the stronger race or class, the improvement in our times is beyond all question. Nor are we in doubt as to the

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causes of this rapid humanization. With the rarity, or at least remoteness, of warfare, the vanishing of personal encounter, the passing of judicial torture, branding, stocks, pillory, whipping post and cart's tail, the renouncing of flogging and keelhauling in the navy, the vanishing of public executions, the abandonment of cock-fighting and bear-baiting, the outlawry of prize fighting, the restraining of brutal teamsters, the substitution of electricity for the horse, the removal of the diseased, maimed and misshapen from the streets to public institutions, the feelings are no longer calloused as of yore and human good will is able to assert itself with its original native force.

On the other hand, what of the carnival of graft, corruption, fraud and monopoly extortion that has been passing under our eyes during the opening years of the new century? Revelations crowd thick upon one another till the

public mind has become jaded and listless. It is gravely suggested that the legislature should establish permanent committees to investigate at random, for something rotten is always found. Politics, tariff-making, customs service, public works, purchases on the public account, franchise grants, insurance, railroad rebates, corporation finance — thrust in the probe where you will, a bad smell follows its withdrawal. Knavery crops up with such shocking frequency that we are fain to relieve the monotony by baptizing one new species "an incident in our social evolution," another "a questionable tendency in modern business," a third, "a doubtful development of our time."

We cannot make laws fast enough to keep up with the multiplying forms of imposition. Beyond the squads of official inspectors to-day we can see cohorts and regiments of inspectors to-morrow. And chief inspectors to watch them!

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And investigators to keep these under surveillance! Said to me with a sigh the devoted secretary of a City Club, "Yes, now in 1907 we understand the game the corporations played in 1900; but their clever attorneys under the stimulus of huge salaries are devising new tricks to beat the city which we will begin to see through five or ten years hence."

Commercialism continually subdues new territory—the stage the daily press, the legal profession—but never of its own will does it give up a province. It can be expelled only by a stubborn fight which draws upon and uses up some of the precious store of moral energy in the community.

Can we wonder that, worn out by a warfare that seems interminable and disheartened by unexpected raids and assaults from new quarters, the champion of the just, long-suffering General Interest against the greedy and unscrupu-



lous Special Interests sometimes exclaims, "Oh, what's the use!" and retires from the fray to look after his neglected private affairs?

Both optimist and pessimist are right. The hearts of men are softening, yet wrong-doing is on the increase. This seeming contradiction vanishes if we suppose that certain causes are fostering the humane spirit at the same time that new chances for crooked advantage present themselves owing to the growth of a large number of vital interests which cannot be placed under lock and key. It is as if we came to depend on new forms of property which we could not bring indoors over night.

Or, suppose that suddenly it becomes possible to devour one's fellow-man at long range without hearing his groans or seeing his writhings, without the annoyance of his blood and tears! "You can as surely kill a man with a rotten



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tenement house as with an axe," says Mr. Riis. Yes, and many a man will wield a deadly tenement house against his fellow-men who would recoil in horror from slaying with an axe.

Now, with the opening of novel opportunities of this kind, you might get an alarming increase of wrong-doing, an outcropping of fraud and graft in all manner of unexpected places, despite the general refining of sensibilities that is going on. Just as the growing frequency of heart failure, Bright's disease and neurasthenia in our day does not mean that we are feebler than our fathers but that the pace is hotter, so, I take it, the thickening scandals of our time signify, not that men are worse, but that they are assailed by unfamiliar temptations which they *have not yet learned to resist* and which you and I, dear reader,—that is to say, the public—*have not learned to help them resist.*

To be sure, if we fall back on the old responsibilities, the ancient test relations, as an unvarying knavemeter, men have surely not grown worse. But this is little reassuring when we consider that a society rapidly advancing along untried paths of complex human relationship has to breed better and better men if it is not to fall into confusion and distress. To learn the precise nature of the evolution that is taking place in the forms of misconduct, let us scrutinize the older kinds of sin, and compare with them the latter day specialties and novelties in iniquity.

The most primitive type of wrong is the *invasive*, that is to say, the wrong that breaks violently into the life-sphere of another. An unoffending man becomes the object of an aggression. He is assailed while going quietly along strictly within his field of rights. He is abused in person, household, property,

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or reputation. All the old long-recognized crimes — the kind first seen and abhorred — such as murder, assault, mayhem, rape, abduction, kidnapping, arson, burglary, larceny, blackmail, slander and libel — are of this type. There is good reason why formerly nearly all wrong was of the invasive kind. Consider the husbandman of olden time busy on his plot of ground, producing what his family needs. He is well-nigh self-sufficing, an independent economic unit, needs not buy, sell, rent nor hire. One can scarcely get at him to do him a wrong save by an outright invasion of his life-sphere.

It is certain that this type of offense is dying out. Thanks to better policing, it is more dangerous. The social reaction it provokes is stronger, prompter and surer than ever before. Moreover, invasive wrong *no longer pays well*. Its proceeds are paltry and precarious. For all the risk he runs

the average professional burglar, it is said, makes less than \$2,500 a year! Alongside the golden prizes of crooked business or devious finance the reward of his enterprise is truly pitiful. When he compares his own modest gains with the rich hauls from fiduciary exploits that involve no greater turpitude and far less risk, the retired bank robber or train bandit cannot but look back upon his life as little better than wasted.

Again, civilized people are getting more averse to violent collision. The public is right in regarding the man with a propensity for coarse aggression as a primitive — a brother to the man who has himself tattooed or relishes the monotonous throb of the tomtom. Then consider the decay of that personal hatred which has so often prompted to invasive crime. In the country, neighbors whose fields join cannot well separate if strife arises between them. They are tied together, and so their en-



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mity may reach a murderous pitch. But in the city — and the city, which has already gathered in half of us Americans, is certain to be the typical social formation of the future — enemies can always pick their paths so as to avoid one another, and presently their feud dies down from lack of fuel. The city chills sympathies to be sure; but then it also cools hatreds. The life it offers is too crowded, too multifarious, to be wasted in following up grudges.

Another hoary type of offense is *betrayal of personal confidence*. It crops out in seduction, marital unfaithfulness, covenant breaking, defaulting, embezzlement, fraudulent bankruptcy, getting money under false pretences, cheating at cards, etc. In these cases you know your victim, have had some human companionship with him. You know the plight you leave him in by your treachery. You must face, perhaps, the sting of his just reproaches and curses. Only

singularly mean and hardened souls can stand this, and so fewer and fewer moderns are equal to it. There is nothing to indicate that the people of to-day are more faithless than their predecessors. The Greeks certainly bragged of exploits of guile that excite in us only disgust. Men whom we may rightfully call unscrupulous, men who will stick at nothing in the way of corruption, who are dead to all implied obligation and have no notion whatever of trusteeship, will, nevertheless, keep the word once passed and fulfil every explicit promise.

Moreover, the betrayal of personal confidence is not something that has to be long considered in order to be detested. People quickly react against it, and the ignorant and impulsive abhor it just as strongly as the thoughtful. Opinion against it does not have to pass through that stage of doubt expressed in the phrase "honest graft," or the maxim, "Business is business." In-

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deed, the feeling against it is so blind and headlong that it has always made objects of loathing such socially necessary persons as the informer, the detective and the spy.

Another ancient type of wrong is *the oppression of the weak*. In patriarchal society or in unsettled times the male protector was necessary, and the fate of the widow and the orphan was hard. To the Hebrew Prophets the bad man is the man who takes advantage of the widow and the fatherless. He it is who drives away the ass of the fatherless and takes the widow's ox for a pledge. He it is who oppresses the man who is in a corner and cannot help himself. He "takes increase," restores not the pledge of the poor debtor, "keeps back the hire of the laborers," "grinds the faces of the poor," "turns aside the poor in the gate from their right," "sells the righteous for money and the poor for a pair of sandals."

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Conversely, the model of the good man is he who befriends the fatherless, brings the poor that are cast out to his own house, "covers the naked with a garment," is a strong hold to the needy, is to the poor man "a covert from the tempest" and, as it were, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

This limning of the bad man and the good man in terms of their treatment of the widow, the orphan, and the poor shows what a stretch of social change lies between us and the society of the Hebrew Prophets. Centuries of law and order make the widow physically safe without the shielding arm of the husband, and her industrial opportunities enable her to take good care of herself. The courts safeguard the portion of the fatherless, while the state has fully accepted responsibility for the destitute orphan. Mechanic's lien and laws giving wages due a first claim upon a concern undergoing liquidation



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in the hands of a receiver make it difficult to "keep back the hire of the laborers." If the poor debtor does not get back his pledge after he has repaid the loan, it is because he does not know his rights under the law. No one can "sell the poor for a pair of sandals," for a man may not sell himself or his own into slavery, and failure to repay a debt no longer gives the creditor a legal power over the person of the debtor. As for "turning aside the poor in the gate from their right" the nearest modern analogue is found in our system of justice, which has become too cumbrous and expensive to secure for the injured workman adequate and timely redress from the negligent employer.

But, though the oppression of the weak individual is on the wane, there flourishes to-day an oppression that is less personal. One man maintains a disease-breeding tenement house, brib-

ing the inspector not to report how bad is the plumbing or how foul is the air shaft. He knows that, however unfit it may be for human habitation, there are people so pressed by poverty or ignorant of the laws of health that they will rent his rooms at a profitable figure. Another man takes into his factory children of tender years knowing that, no matter how remorselessly he grinds the life out of these little ones, no matter how pitiful their present earnings compared to the loss of their future earning power, there are parents so desperate, so short-sighted, or so selfish that they will keep his quota full. Here is an employer who keeps his working girls standing for eleven or twelve hours a day, although it will infallibly undermine their health and doom many of them to life-long dragging misery and an early grave.<sup>1</sup> Yet social pressure

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<sup>1</sup> Of the married women in Milwaukee who died of tuberculosis from 1902 to 1906 those who

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will always keep him supplied with careless rattle-brained girls, utterly unfit to be proper custodians of their personal interest in matters of health.

The refusal to install safety appliances on a railroad does not signify willingness to let any particular man be hurt. The directors do not think of Brakeman Josef Lipček as a man who is in a corner and has to accept the risks they permit. If an angel gave them to see the mangled body of Josef on the rails between Podunk and Viola in case they failed to put in the block system, they would shudder and order the equipment at once.

The oppression of our time, then, is not usually the complete exploiting of certain persons who happen to be entirely within your power. Your victims

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had not been working girls before marriage died at thirty-four years of age, while those who had worked died at twenty-eight—an indication of the way modern industry depletes a young woman's vitality.

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have legal rights and then, too, they enjoy options of more or less value. As you apply the screws many of them will escape you. But you take advantage of the pressure that circumstances impose on certain elements in the community, well aware that if some quit others will crowd in to take their places.

While there are to be found in our midst all the ancient forms of wrong — just as you find in our midst individuals who in point of sensuality or ferocity are close kin to the cave-men — there are certain fresh types that are growing mightily in our time and would attract our anxious attention did our minds run less in worn ruts. These new varieties of misconduct flourish, in the first place, because society is spontaneously developing in a way that multiplies opportunities for them and, in the second place, because people have not yet learned to condemn, abhor and punish



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them. For these new departures in wickedness nobody is to blame. No enemy came in the night and sowed tares in our field. They have sprung up in the wake of social development as weeds follow the plow that breaks up the prairie sod.

What is it that all thinkers agree is the fundamental process in contemporary social development? Is it not division of labor, bringing in its train multiplication of human relations and a greater dependence of man on man? But nearly every such fresh relation established between men admits of being abused. One party may fail to act up to what the relation implies. Now, *the abuse of a new relation constitutes a new form of sin.*

To the philosopher, indeed, these new forms — many of them — are only the old wrongs in a new guise. He will insist that the contractor who "stands in" with the inspector of his work, the

political middleman who furnishes public supplies at a triple price, the tax commissioners who form a fuel company and lower the assessment of the firms who are shrewd enough to order coal of them, are all violating the ancient commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." But the average man is no philosopher, and if a new way of "doing" his fellowman *looks* different to him and is *felt* to be different, it *is* different — practically. He will be tempted by it even though he long ago learned to resist the temptation of its elder sister sins. He will be easy in judging others who commit that sin even though he pronounces instant condemnation upon those guilty of older offences of the same general stripe.

One towering type of modern wrongdoing is *the abuse of the commercial relation*. The more that people rely on buying and selling, the more chance is there for crooked advantage. Not

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keeping your own cow exposes you to the seller of watered or doctored milk. Every step away from the old-fashioned practice of growing your own food offers a new opening for the adulterator.

The great pure-food agitation that has written laws into so many statute books and called into being corps of testers and inspectors is simply our effort to cope with the new situation. To the degree that people cease to do their own butchering — as they used to do on the farm — they are delivered into the hands of the purveyor of unclean or diseased meat. Gas and water supply introduces the trickery of dishonest meters on the one hand, and of tampering with meters on the other. The appointment of a "sealer of weights and measures" in nearly every important city testifies to the chances for fraud that lurk in the mercantile relation.

Another typical modern sin is *the*

*abuse of the professional relation.* The knavish doctor may steer his patients to an exorbitant druggist who has agreed to give the physician a percentage on all the prescriptions filled for his patients. The venal architect may, in consideration of a "rake-off," allow the contractor to put in work "not up to specifications." The unscrupulous editor may insert paying matter as a news dispatch or an editorial opinion. The mercenary spellbinder may pose as a disinterested student of public questions. The supple preacher in his new charge may lay away in cold storage the questions-of-the-day sermons which express his deepest convictions but which grate on the susceptibilities of a rich pewholder. The professor of political economy may shy at the live wires that crisscross his subject in every direction. The traffic agent may withhold the cars needed by the shippers along



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his road until they have given him blocks of stock in their respective enterprises.

In all these cases the harm lies in the fact that one party fails to act up to the relation as it is conceived by the other party. One of the parties is getting "a gold brick." The harm all springs out of deception and illustrates the truth of the saying of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "Evil has many forms but a lie is the handle that fits them all." If the editor appended the significant letters "adv." to the spurious dispatch the harvester trust pays him to print, to the effect that the state binding-twine plants are a failure and cannot dispose of their product because it is so bad, his readers would have no grievance — nor would the editor get any pay. Suppose in his new charge the pastor stood up in the pulpit and said, "Brethren, I was intending to preach to-day a sermon on 'The Responsibilities of Employers

with respect to their Youthful Employees,' but, inasmuch as Brother Grindem in the front pew here is not only our chief financial pillar but also the owner of a department store, I have deemed it advisable to preach this morning on 'The Evils of Mormonism.'"

His listeners would know what they were getting and little harm would be done. There are divers ways of conceiving the Christian ministry, and Rev. Facing-both-ways has the right to follow his own idea of it provided he does not leave his hearers under the impression that he is declaring what his conscience tells him is the whole message of Christ.

Suppose the professor of political economy at the close of the academic year were to address his students as follows: "Young gentlemen, my studies convince me that private monopolies constitute one of the urgent economic problems of our time and I had it in mind to offer a course of lectures on the

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subject until the President of our College informed me that the head of an oppressive trust has generously 'remembered the College in his will and my lectures might irritate him to the point of revoking the bequest. It then occurred to me that on no matter is contemporary society in greater need of guidance than in the adjustment of the relations between labor and capital but, as I was on the point of announcing such a course, it was brought to my attention that the President of our Board of Trustees and heaviest donor is a large employer noted for his troubles with his labor. It has therefore seemed best for me to announce for the coming semester a course on 'The English Mercantilists of the Seventeenth Century.'" Would anybody be wronged? Not in the least. There is little harm in putting Political Economy to sleep provided the chloroform is administered in public.

Another brood of iniquities lurk in

the *abuse of the fiduciary relation*. We put our savings into a National bank with the expectation that its officers will invest them in the safe securities prescribed by law. The banker uses them in Wall Street speculations which bring him gain if they turn out well and bring us loss if they turn out ill. We put our money into a corporation, intrusting the enterprise to a president who is to manage the property in our interest. He mismanages the concern and has his agents secretly buy in the shares that, in our discouragement, we are willing to sell at a low figure; then he works the property up to a high-dividend point and unloads his holdings on the market at a fancy price! The officers of insurance companies form a syndicate to take over blocks of new securities with the understanding that, if the securities appreciate in value, the money invested in them is their own; but, if they depreciate, it is, alas, the funds of



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the companies that are involved. In the same way *breach of trust* characterises the conduct of the post-office official who, for a consideration, admits to the mails the circulars of the swindling get-rich-quick concern; of the bank examiner who, by contenting himself with a perfunctory inspection of a shaky bank, subjects the public that employs him to the loss of its deposits; of the candidate for office who nullifies the ringing public pledge that wins him votes by a secret and more binding pledge given in low tones, in a hotel bedroom, to a representative of some "interest."

Finally, modern sin is *the tempting, seducing or debauching those under a professional or fiduciary obligation*. In this line is the persuading of professors of chemistry to pervert truth in the interest of a baking powder; the conversion of scientific alienists into professional "experts" by offering them, for

biased testimony, a sum that is bribe rather than fee; the debauching of councilmen in order to control the terms of a franchise grant; the bribing of a state board of education to force into the schools the texts of a particular firm, and exclude better books from other publishers.

The writer recalls how, some years ago, in a Western state, a political uprising brought to the legislature a body of new and inexperienced men pledged to relieve the people of certain oppressions by the corporations. The members were honest and earnest and they promptly set about the task of preparing the necessary legislation. But a band of seasoned lobbyists, under skillful direction and with unlimited resources, descended upon those legislators and began to "influence" them. At the best hotels were reserved rooms stocked with champagne, in which quiet "social" games of chance cemented

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good fellowship. The best carriages at the livery stables were engaged for the season and the guileless legislators enjoyed pleasant drives with their genial hosts. Railroad passes were lavishly issued for the ostensible purpose of aiding each member to spend his week-end at home and thus "keep in touch with his constituents." Even lewd women were imported from a neighboring large city and employed to complete the moral downfall of the farmer legislators. At the end of ten weeks the lobbyists had the lawmakers "just where they wanted them," and when the bills came out of the committees in which they had been maturing, they were either shorn of all features distasteful to the corporations, or defeated.

Whose is the fault here? Is the responsibility on the legislators, who would have done their duty if left alone, and who fell victims to arts all new to them? On the voters who sent as their repre-

sentatives men of pine and basswood because men of oak are too few? Or on the corporation people who had reduced corruption to a fine art like the "breaking" of saddle horses or the teaching of trick animals?

On comparing the newer types of wrong-doing with the older certain marked differences appear.

1. One is close range, whereas, the other is long range. Probably more lying is done to-day by print than by tongue and more swindling by mail than by word of mouth. It is a far cry from the decision of a board of directors in an Eastern city to the needless loss of life in an Idaho coal mine or on a Kansas railroad. Consider how wide is the interval in time and space between that Mayor of San Francisco who sold permits for debasing peep shows and "nickleodeons" and the persons who will some day fall victims to the criminals that will grow



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out of the boys perverted in his suggestive "penny arcades." Long after that Mayor is dust, violences will be committed, not upon his constituents alone, but here and there all over the country, by men who as boys were started on the downward career by the evil influences he let loose upon them just for a hundred thousand dollars of graft!

2. The wrong of to-day is apt to spread out over a large surface. Not by ruthlessly fleecing a bunch of sheep you have penned, but by furtively snipping a tuft here, a lock there, from all the sheep on the hillside, do you get your bag of wool. Of course many others are taking a lock, too, so that, in one way or another, the sheep may lose a good part of their fleece; but then the silly creatures hardly know when they lose it and so they make very little fuss. Reversing Mother Goose,

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the modern bandit takes as his maxim, "Much wool, little cry." The street-car company that exacts a five-cent fare for a three-cent service spreads its imposition so thin that nobody ever reaches the poorhouse through its fault. Who has been ruined by the monopoly price of kerosene? Has anybody lost his home through trust extortions or the special-interest tariff?

Not long ago my colleague in chemistry discovered that the gas supply by the local company was one-fifth nitrogen. We were paying for common air at \$1.25 per thousand feet! But how delicately this robbery was graduated to the purse of the victim. I was being cheated to the extent of two dollars per month. The rich lawyer on the hill was being mulcted five dollars, while the hodman down on the flats was losing only fifty cents. The fraud was so spread out that we could not become

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tragic about it, because nobody was being pushed by it over the line of pauperism.

3. Again, the newer wrongs do not involve visible oppression. No kurbash to cut the silver pieces out of the backs of the *fellaheen* that the pasha may loll in luxury. No underground dungeon to hold the man suspected of wealth until the wretch is glad to ransom himself with his last penny. No stringing up the rich merchant by his thumbs till the oppressor can extort the desired amount. With us no brutal seizures and searches, no Bashi-Bazouks, no Cossacks, no floggings, no "flying columns."

Our age is very tender-hearted and will not tolerate brutality. So you catch your intended victim in a position where the Nature of Things, and not you, will be held responsible for his plight.

You leave the victim all the freedoms he ever had. You do not compel him to go to sea in that crazy over-insured

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vessel, to enter that fire-damp gallery, to use that unguarded grind-stone, to work on that treacherous scaffolding, to breathe the phosphorus fumes in your match factory, to work for you four hours a day overtime without pay during the holiday season. His necessities do that. Legally he or she can throw up the job at any moment. Against such oppression no *habeas corpus* writ can be invoked.

Nobody is obliged to patronize the death-trap theatre, read the venal newspaper, trust the larcenous insurance company, consult the magnetic healer, or buy watery securities. "Shall we disconnect you?" sweetly asks the lady clerk in the gas office when the householder protests that the gas is so poor that his lights at times go quite out. "If you don't like our rates, you'd better haul your stuff yourself" observes the traffic agent when the farmers with only one outlet to market kick against paying



four times the competitive rate. "If you don't like the conditions here, you have the right to quit" says the Pressed Steel Car Company to its employees when they protest that the pace has become one that flesh and blood cannot stand.

2 < All this is compatible with a free country where nobody may be visibly crushed under heel. And so, as you apply the Commercial Screws to your victim or stretch him on the rack of his Imperative Economic Wants, you amuse and divert him — in any case, the onlookers — by showing him his neat little bundle of "personal rights," "liberties of the subject," etc., inherited by him from Magna Charta, all in a beautiful state of preservation and not one missing!

## CHAPTER II

### LATTER DAY SAINTS

FOR ages the Good Samaritan has borne the palm for goodness. But suppose we translate the incident into the Here and Now. Let us say it is the Laramie road, not the Jericho road that is the scene of the outrage. All praise to the by-passer who gives "first aid" to the beaten traveller and puts him up at the nearest roadhouse. But how about the government inspector who reports to his superiors at Washington the scandalous state of affairs on the Laramie road, although he knows the chances are they will pigeon-hole his report and get rid of him? How about the local editor who exposes the political gang that wink at the "hold-ups" on the Laramie

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road, knowing full well they can ruin him by taking from him the state printing job? How about the District Attorney who realizes he is committing political *hari-kiri* by going after the men "higher up," who protect and divide with the thieves that infest the Laramie road? The Samaritan gained the everlasting gratitude of the wounded traveller he defended. These men win the gratitude of nobody in particular. The Samaritan risked having to settle a big tavern bill the next time he came that way. These men risked their livelihood.

### *Which is the better man?*

To-day the helping hand is not what it used to be. Wherever there is remediable distress the state is coming into the situation as it never did in the days of the Good Samaritan. Much of the loving labor that once went directly to alleviate human suffering now finds its best scope in extending, perfecting and watching over these benign activities of the state.

The old-time saint ministered to the stricken and the needy. With his own hands he washed the leper's sores or collected the crusts that should feed the famished. The new saint wears himself out in the service of beneficent public agencies and institutions rather than of the poor wights who happen to come under his notice. On all hands we see private philanthropic work being replaced by what might be called "civic service." The state says, "Let me shoulder this burden of the defectives. I will maintain an asylum for the feeble-minded and schools for the blind and the deaf mutes." Does this totally relieve those who once took care of these unfortunates? Not at all. They must forthwith fly to protect their former charges from the baleful workings of the spoils system, and start a fight to get the staff of these institutions on a merit basis. In olden times the friends of education maintained "ragged



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schools" for the children of the poor. The public school system has ended all that, but the friends of education still have to labor, in school boards and anti-child-labor committees and juvenile protective leagues, lest, after all, the children of the tenements lose their chance. By persuading the state to feed the inmates of the jails John Howard put an end to numerous charities providing meals for poor prisoners; but, for all that, there is still need of outsiders sampling the fare provided by the county sheriff. In Germany the establishment of workingmen's insurance in its various forms relieved charitable people of many of the maimed and aged they had been wont to care for. Did this leave them idle? Far from it. There was a prompt call for such persons to take part in the administration of the insurance system and help make it what it was intended to be — a blessing to the rank and file of the army of industry.

It is true that the decision to put in city filtration ends that time-honored philanthropy, the giving of drinking fountains to the thirsty public. But then there is at once need of a municipal league to fight the fellows who are trying to load down with graft the building of that filtration plant. In backing the graft prosecutions in San Francisco Mr. Spreckels is spending money that might have endowed a score of cots in a hospital. Still he is wise in putting his money into honesty rather than charity. Let the government of the city by the Golden Gate be cleaned up — by an audit system, finance commission, or otherwise — and there will be plenty of public money for hospital cots. For, more and more, the care of the distressed is being put on a business basis and paid for, while volunteer work finds its richest harvest in improving laws and institutions and establishing standards and ideals.

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Within ten years a wonderful hopefulness has entered the hearts of social workers. They have not been giving quite all their time to helping the human wrecks that file in endless procession before them. They have done a little exploring. They have followed up the feeders of this river of human misery, the origin of which has been as much shrouded in darkness as the sources of the Nile. They have located some of the principal springs of evil and, to their wonder, they are not defects of human nature at all but "adverse conditions"—that can be removed. Hence they are beginning to tell us that poverty is as curable as tuberculosis. They insist that most of the sources of crime can be stopped up. There is growing enthusiasm for constructive policies. One of the great organizations possessed by the new idea has taken as its motto, "Better a fence at the top of a precipice than an ambulance at the bottom."

More and more, public money is forthcoming for any kind of work that keeps people from sinking into misery and sin. The establishment of play-grounds, field houses, recreation centers, public baths, vacation schools, classes for the backward and schools for the defective, the medical inspection of school children and the removal of adenoids, the instruction of mothers in the care of their children, municipal provision of certified milk, tuberculosis sanitarium — these and scores of similar tested and successful activities prove that the tax payers are willing to support the upbuilding things that make for more manhood and more womanhood.

It follows that the line to be taken by one who loves his fellowmen is not always to nurse or heal or teach, for these can be better done by experts, nor even to pay for these things, for the tax payers are willing to do that. Let it be his to start, push and standardize the



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helpful activity, to agitate till the public have taken it over and then to watch constantly to keep it up to its highest efficiency. The goodness of our day is, therefore, altogether more rational and less impulsive than the old-fashioned ministering goodness. The headlong saint sometimes finds himself in a class with the ignorant peasant girl who was put for the first time in charge of a modern kitchen. The mistress gave the girl a few directions and went out. On her return she was horrified to find the tap running, the sink overflowing, and the girl on her knees desperately mopping up the water. "Why, Bridget," cried the mistress, "why don't you turn off the tap?" "Sure, mum," came the reply, "I'm so busy mopping up the wather I've no time to turn off the tap!"

In my morning paper I read —



DEATH SWIFTER THAN JUSTICE

A case that has been on Chicago court dockets for almost twenty years was brought to light yesterday, and an effort is to be made to hasten the progress of the wheels of justice in its disposal. The case is a damage suit of the survivors of victims of the Tioga steamer explosion July 11, 1890. Since it was started the original lawyers on both sides have died. The Tioga was moored in the Chicago river, between Washington and Randolph streets, when the explosion occurred resulting in an estimate of thirty deaths.

The suit was filed in the Circuit Court but was transferred to the United States District Court. Technical pleas and hearing of evidence before a master in chancery have consumed the years of litigation.

Says Mr. Hard, an eloquent lay commentator on this notorious case:

"How have all these years been spent? Not in relieving the distresses of the human beings who were impoverished by the accident, but in trying to

find out just where the technical legal blame lay for the accident itself." "The years when compensation was really needed have now passed. The widows who were forced to beg, they have begged. The children who failed to get an education, they have failed to be educated. The wrong of the case has been done. The human misery of the case has been endured. Everything is all over. Except in the courts. Everything connected with the case is finished. Except the case itself."

Surely he who gives himself to reforming the system under which such mockeries can occur is a doer of good. He who labors to substitute workingmen's compensation for employers' liability is as much a friend of man as he who relieves the widows and orphans made by the Tioga explosion. But we still deny him the exalted name of "philanthropist." He is only a "reformer."

Not long ago in an Oregon city two

men beat a woman on the street. One held a revolver at her head while the other brutally beat her with a heavy strap. A jury convicted the men under a statute which provided that "if any person shall assault, or assault and beat, another with a cowhide, whip, stick, or like thing, having at the time in his possession a pistol, dirk, or other deadly weapon, with intent to intimidate and prevent such other from resisting and defending himself, such person, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than one nor more than ten years." The District Attorney in his information charged that the defendants held a gun while they beat the woman with a "leather strap." The conviction was reversed by the state Supreme Court on the ground that the information "contains nothing to bring the strap within the class of instruments mentioned under 'cowhide, whip, stick, or like thing.'"

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Now, a person who should fight a winning crusade against the abominable system of judicial interpretation that turns malefactors loose on flimsy technicalities would earn the gratitude of no particular person. Nobody could hail him as benefactor. There would be no way of knowing just who were benefited by his labors. His service would be absolutely impersonal. Yet he might do more to lessen crime than is done by all the rescue missions put together.

✓ Personal ministry is a beautiful thing and there is still plenty of room for it; but modern goodness is not so busy with consequences that it overlooks causes. It is not so taken up with nursing the fever sufferers that it fails to drain the marsh that harbors the malaria-carrying mosquito. It looks after the plague-stricken, but does not forget to exterminate the rats. The difference between the old saint and the new is the difference between Father Damien, who went



to live with and care for the lepers on Molokai Island, and the Eight down in Cuba, who let themselves be bitten by infected mosquitos in order to test Major Reed's hypothesis of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever. Father Damien's sacrifice has to be made again and again. He falls and another must step into his place. But the Eight rendered a once-for-all service; and so long as the world stands no one will be called on to catch the yellow fever for that purpose.

The old-time saint "went about doing good." The new-time saint is a more militant figure. Like the Knight Hospitaller he spends half his time in the tunic of the nurse and the other half in the mail of the warrior. He goes about *checkmating evil*. And his is the more dangerous, the more heroic enterprise. Nobody objects to your doing good so long as you don't bother him, don't interfere with his particular graft.



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It was not because He healed the sick and made the blind to see that Jesus was crucified; it was because He denounced the Pharisees and drove out the money-changers.

Now, there is no lack of volunteers for "doing good." One cannot but be struck by the Pentecostal enthusiasm for social service that manifests itself to-day. Young people continually present themselves saying, "What useful thing can I do? Show me where I can take hold." There is no trouble in finding self-sacrificing physicians, nurses, life-savers, firemen, settlement workers, friendly visitors and Sisters of Charity. So far as it has gone in its demands society has been able, by the offer of a mere livelihood, to obtain all the loving and faithful service it has use for. The ministering type of goodness is right in line with the humanitarian spirit of our time. Not so with the militant goodness of the smiter of evil. The heroic type

is not on the increase — not so you notice it. No one can guarantee the knight of conscience even a bare living. He does not go up against *outlawed* iniquity as does the sheriff or policeman. He takes the field against *intrenched* iniquity, and hence he must be prepared to risk livelihood, reputation, nay, even life itself, in his cause.

The medieval worthy was sainted by acclamation for "everybody loved him." The feeling for him was that of the wounded soldier who kissed the shadow of Florence Nightingale as it fell across his cot. So there was but one voice when it was a question of canonizing Francis of Assisi who shared his last crust with the robbers, or Charles of Milan who stripped his bishop's palace of its tapestries in order to cover the plague-sufferers of his diocese. But the Smiter of Iniquity may not be sainted, for he has too many enemies. Mud-bespattered and war-dinted, he cannot

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vie in radiance with the nurser of lepers and the consoler of the poor. Indeed, if he is "the real thing," he will have too many bruises on his head to take any comfort in wearing a halo! Everybody is against hunger, cold and disease, and the diminisher of these makes no enemies; but not everybody is against fraud, chicane and oppression. These are the means of success of some people. A Francis or a Father Damien go out against the former and "all men love him." The civic knight goes out against the latter, and the only claim to sainthood you can establish for him is that all bad men hate him.

But is not this, after all, the higher praise? There are two classes of sufferers — the unfortunate, and the ill-used. The latter are more to be pitied, for who would not rather bear adversity than suffer injustice? Under the rod of affliction one may still pray "Thy will be done!" But who can say that

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sincerely under the heel of triumphant wickedness? Not only are the victims of wrong the worse off, but it requires more hardihood to throw down the gauntlet to swelling and victorious wrong than to set the unfortunate on their feet.

It is indeed the good man's crown of glory that he is detested by the right, that is to say the *wrong*, people. For how can one cherish high ideals without battling to make them prevail? And in that case he will be upsetting the apple cart of all sorts of knaves and parasites. Perhaps the finest proof of moral achievement is the windrow of overthrown and enraged crooks, panderers and grafters the civic knight leaves behind him as he goes through life. On the tomb of the saint they carve "God loved him"; on the tomb of the knight they chisel "Satan hated him." Yet the two epitaphs come to the same thing.

Did you ever reflect why it is that,



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when a good man dies, even bad men respect the maxim, "Speak no evil of the dead"? Is it a belated tribute to his moral worth? Are their hearts touched after all? No, they hold their tongues simply because he *is* dead and can never henceforth spoil their little games. And so his cortége of haters and mud-slingers is a conclusive evidence that the knight is alive and strong. When a champion of the right has come to that day when his portion is pure praise and no one speaks ill of him, let him know that his work is ended, and that he is really dead, albeit not yet buried.

The time-and-again services will continue to sweeten life, and perhaps most of us will have to content ourselves with them because no opportunity presents itself for a once-for-all service. There will always be room for the goodness that helps the lame dog over the



stile, lifts up the stumbling child, gives a cup of cold water to the wayfarer. But, if the keynote of far-reaching service be prevention, there is, perhaps, nowadays no high and noble endeavor more holy and precious than the smiting of iniquity. The self-sacrifice that yields some sixty and some an hundred fold is — battling with the Midianites. This truth — which has yet no place in the theory of social service — is continually borne in upon thoughtful people who try to do anything for the less fortunate. For twenty years I have watched them pass by me, on out into life — young people without formulas or theories but yearning just to take hold somewhere and help. And if they stick to it and ever get their eyes open, their service is sure to become in time less of a ministration and more of a crusade.

It makes no difference how gentle or shrinking they are. The spectacle of

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the vulture seizing and preying upon her loved ones makes the meekest dove grow talons and the veriest lamb put forth claws. One starts out just to clothe the naked, but presently he is grappling with vice caterers and exploiters who — he realizes — turn out more nakedness in a day than he can cover in a year. Another sets forth simply to bear light to those who sit in darkness, but ere long she is astonished to find herself withstanding the exploiters of child labor, rebuking the public school politicians, or exposing the text-book grafters. A third fares abroad in the morning with no thought but to minister to the sick, but ere it is noon you find that one hammering away at quacks and bogus medical schools and patent medicine frauds and food adulterers. It is this contact with real life, and nothing else, that is turning ministering angels into armed champions. For the philosophy of goodness, as you find

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it in the book, the pulpit, or the class room, has not advanced, and your true saint is still supposed to carry with him nothing but honey and balm.

The latter day saint carries a sword at his thigh because as society develops from the simple to the complex, more and more of woe and misery is chargeable on someone else than the sufferer of it. In olden time, when a man converted his own peaches into brandy or his own rye into whiskey to degrade himself with, his rescuer worked by persuasion and entreaty. Now that there are caterers who make it their trade to tickle and tease every base appetite because they get their money out of it, the rescuer of souls has to be a denouncer as well as a pleader. You may by wheedling get a needed school, almshouse, asylum, or detention home; but you cannot keep it from becoming the prey of spoilsmen or grafting contractors or "political" supply firms unless you are

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able to lash or brand on occasion. Little is to be done for mill children, or factory girls, or shop women, or the workers in the unwholesome trades and the dangerous occupations, or the victims of industrial accidents, save by means of legislation; but such legislation must be fought for, and is not to be had by those who are afraid to give blows or take them.

You cannot even establish or uphold moral standards without being brought into violent collision with certain men. For it profits little to set up a high ideal if notoriously bad men occupy conspicuous places in the community. It is not so much the crooks in the alley that menace society as the crooks in the church, in office, in places of trust — the one who leads the parade, proposes the toasts, hands out the sheepskins, or delivers the Fourth-of-July oration. Not only can these work on a bigger scale than the little fellows of the under



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world, but, so long as they hold the center of the stage in the lime light, *they make their type the standard.*

For there is no discourager of virtue like the obvious and continuous triumph of the wicked. The eager young fellows just coming into the great game want to succeed, honorably if possible but in any case *succeed*. Hence there is little use in appealing to their better natures so long as they see the bad man an acknowledged success. Leave the crook on his dais and, for all your exhortations, his sort will multiply like typhoid germs, until society falls sick. Therefore the established moral standards must constantly be protected by a vigorous antiseptic policy of pulling down the high-placed sinner. To allow him to stand erect and visibly triumphant is to let pus circulate in the veins of society. "Hate the sin but love the sinner" — good counsel to be sure, but, until he is brought low, it is folly to



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waste time in laboring to soften or reclaim him. So the true hero of righteousness is not the pulpiteer or poet or writer who makes his moral ideal seem like a strain of sweet music, but the sturdy champion of principle, who grimly accepts bruises and wounds in order to thrust the prominent and powerful sinner down into the social coal-cellar where he belongs.

Consider a parable.

A certain folk lives under the lea of the sea; and once each man raised about his homestead a dyke to keep back the hungry waters. Then he was deemed the good man who, after his own dyke was high enough, lent a hand on the dyke of his weaker neighbor. But in time it proved safer and cheaper to girdle the whole settlement with a sea wall. Now the good man is he who goes up and down this public dyke, mending it where the burrowing of rats and foxes has weakened it, beating off the levee pi-

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rates who are hoping to cut the dyke and come in with the flood, and warning the community in case their paid dyke-wardens prove slack or faithless. Inasmuch as the welfare of the folk hinges more and more on the strength of the public dyke and less on the private dykes, a larger share of the effort of good men comes to be spent on its upkeep and a smaller share on the concerns of the fellowman. Nevertheless, there are simple souls who bless the helping hand stretched out to the neighbor but have no praise for the volunteer laborer on the common dyke.

Now, good customs, accepted moral standards, the laws, the recognized rights of the individual, the established agencies of common coöperation are dykes, protecting all of us against crime and wrong, against confusion and waste, against disease and strife. There are more of these dykes now than there used to be, and they keep off more kinds of

ill. He who great-heartedly gives himself to mending and strengthening these dykes, to fighting in the darkness and storm with the levee pirates while his heedless neighbors sleep or make merry, is the true hero of our time. What if this sore-bested champion of the common good feeds no hungry, clothes no naked, visits not the sick! Will not his victory in the fight to-day lessen the number of *to-morrow's* hungry or naked or sick?

On that great day when the sheep are parted from the goats, there will be those who will say: "Lord, I did not feed the hungry or cover the naked or visit those sick or in prison, because I could not. Because as prosecuting attorney I indicted the men 'higher up,' I had all I could do to feed my own family; because as building commissioner I would not job the contracts, the banks

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shortened my credits and ruined my business, so that I had no home in which to receive the stranger; because as watcher of the polls I sought to prevent a good citizen from being beaten up by the ring sluggers, a ring policeman threw me into jail and I could not visit the sick."

And voices will be heard saying: "Lord, I found the press gagged, but I released her and she blew a bugle-note that summoned men to establish righteousness. I found the equality of all men before the law a mockery; I arraigned the rich and powerful evildoer as well as the petty offender and justice resumed her sway. I found equality of contract an empty form; by legally safeguarding the labor contracts of the weak I made it a reality. I found political parties spending money like water for improper purposes; I labored to establish the principle of publicity of campaign expenditures. I found candidates

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nominated by packed and gavelled conventions; I helped win for the people the direct primary."

Will not these, too, receive the invitation "Come, ye blessed of my Father"?



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